"THE ISLE OF THE WINDS."

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an inn house his son Philip and his son's paramour, Janet Mark. They quarrel; Sir James goes home, taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dissolute son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it on an ice floe in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime; he tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Spurway, and Spurway succeeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported. Mysteriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds her in the company of Spurway and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercairn for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spurway and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the cattle droving, when Master Spurway bought his winter beast in the "Mart," Anna beat Philip in helping to cut them out. Still they are excellent friends, even though she beats him at her studies in the school to which they go together. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer uncle, brings in a new teacher, Dominie Ringrose, a small man with wonderful eyes. Shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders evidently for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umphray Spurway from home. In his absence a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk. He puts it in the weaving shed. That night, Philip, playing about it, sees shining through the gauze of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three, then stabs the packing case with a small sword. Blood flows, they open the case and find Dominie Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip's mother refuses to let him spend the holidays at New Milns. Returning from a day's visit to New Milns, Philip falls in with Saul Mark, Anna's gypsy father, who, under pretence of showing him Sir Harry Morgan's treasure, makes him a prisoner. By the help of his silent partner Provost Gregory Partan, Saul Mark, supercargo of the ship Corramantee, imprisons both Anna and Spurway, robbing Spurway of much money and a portrait of Philip's mother. Philip the elder, who is in league with Saul Mark, takes the portrait and sends young Philip away. Leaving Spurway imprisoned, Philip Stansfield the elder goes out in Spurway's cloak to his wife's house, and by threats induces her to go aboard the Corramantee.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PROVOST PARTAN VISITS HIS LIMEKILN.

Provost Gregory Partan had risen betimes in the morning in spite of his late vigil. A man does not carry the burden of a municipality for nothing, but at such a time, when so many rogues were about, it was not Gregory Partan, the faithful magistrate, who would spare himself.

Now I do not know whether you are a connoisseur in smells, as I have the fortune or misfortune to be. But to me every room I was ever in has its own bouquet, just as each flower and the bark of every tree has its particular odor.

That of Gregory Partan's little parlor, where mostly he did his business, was a very peculiar and composite one. I have never met it during all my travels through the countries of the world, save in the houses of the well-to-do town's folk of the trading boroughs in Scotland. It is a scent compound of well-polished antique furniture, of hartshorn or other unguent used upon shining mahogany and rosewood. In this case it was not a close smell of unopened windows; for at most times the window stood several inches open, propped with a book or the edge of a chance piece of timber picked up upon the quay. A trace of strong waters, too, of excellent quality, might have been separated and distinguished by the delicate nostril, and much more than a trace of the leather binding of Gregory Partan's great ledgers. These stood on a shelf above the Provost's desk alongside of the official library of his office, the town dues book, the burgh records, and a large thin octavo bound on curious black leather stamped with an intricate design in gold, which contained the rates charged by the officers of his Majesty's excise for every article, from imported heather besoms to foreign-built ships carrying his Majesty's flag.

Here, then, Provost Partan sat, and in the simplicity of his heart cast up the bills of lading of his latest venture. For the Corramantee, decribed as carrying woollen goods, wines and spirits to the colonies, belonged wholly to Provost Partan of the town of Abercairn, though Philip Staunton, master, was entered as owner.

"It's an awesome thing for a Provost an' an elder o' the kirk to hae to deal wi' blakes an' blackguards. But what can a God-fearin' man do? Siller he maun make or he is nocht thocht o' in this land o' gospel privileges. An' there's simply nae siller in the country. Foreign ventures we maun a' try if we are no to eat yin anither up like minnows in a pond. But, oh, the risk, the risk! Forbye the uncertainty whether ye will ever see hilt or hair o' sic deil's lickpennies again!

"There's mair nor twa thoosand paunds worth o' guid gunpoother in that ship—twa hunder and saxty casks o' strong speerit (Guid forbid that ony Christian man should pour a drap o't doon his hass!)—forbye guns and whingers an' bully-knives for the heathen that fear na their Maker to cut yin anither's throats wi'—Heeven send them speed! And a' that gear at the mercy o' a set o' as regairdless loons as defile the face o' clay! A' that siller dependin' on siclike waffs and runnagautes as Philip Stansfield that slaughtered the daddy o' him—or gat the blame o't—o' Saul Mark that is as muckle waur than Philip Stansfield as he is waur than Gregory Partan! But what a sailor—what a supercargo! He is nae guid at the fechtin', but he brings hame siccan a balance-sheet as haesna entered the port for thirty year. How does he manage it? It's safest no speerin', Gregory, lad! Tak' your gowden guineas, jingle them on the table, see that they are na clippit. But never ask whaur they cam' frae. Na—nor whatna fine ship gaed doon wi' the flames mountin' higher than her riggin'. O, Gregory Partan, man, gin a' the minister says is true, ye'll hae to answer for this! But there's aye a day for repentance—and I've lang, lang to leeve yet. Hoots—what's a' the fret! Gregory, you and me will juist tak' oor mornin' to fricht awa' sad thochts!"

So saying the Provost rose and from a recess in the wall concealed cleverly behind the window shutter, he took a square bottle and poured it into a dram-glass which also stood in the recess.

"Here's to the lad's on the Corramantee—a guid delivery, a safe return, and a heavy bag when Saul renders his next account!"

It was a long toast for so little a glass, but to even things the Provost filled it up again and yet again—till, indeed, the right rubic began to creep back to his cheek and even tinge the lower portion of his magisterial nose. Gregory stood at the window and tasted with lingering relish of palate the excellence of his own private store.

"They'll be clear oot twenty guid sea miles by this and nocht on this side o' Scotland fit to catch them!"

He lifted the bill of lading and glanced down it again. "Private ventures o' the captain and supercargo—I hae no concern with these. But I had the gather' in o' thae orra loons. That's where the profit comes!

Item—Twenty-seven young lads, all between the ages of 11 years and 16 years, healthy, strong, willing to be bound apprentice in the Virginian and Carolinan plantations—likely to bring £30-£40 a piece, say . . . . £900.

"Gregory Partan, ye are a made man. An' doin' a service baith to yoursel', sir, and to the laddies. For what guid wad they hae done here, I wad like to ken, but only run aboot the street, and gotten themsels into mischief. Ye are a public benefactor, Gregory, lad, though ye get nae thanks for it. But it's aye some comfort to get in the siller!" The provost reached for a large key which hung on a nail above the desk.

"I'll juist tak' a dauner doon to the auld limekiln and see in whatna state thae ill-set loons hae left it. Cleaned wi' besoms and clauts it will need to be after them and their guests! 'To see the treasure,' ha'ha. Aye, mony is the laddie that has seen Morgan's treasure in my faither's auld limekiln!"

So it chanced that Umphray Spurway, lying with his face down and the pistol clutched stiffly in his right hand as if he had killed himself, heard the sound of heavy footsteps approaching his prison house. With a hurried intake of the breath he nerved himself for that which was before him. His plan, thought out during the night, was to lie as if dead till his enemy should enter, then he would spring up and take his chance with his pistol. He had waited in vain all night long for the return of Philip Stansfield. Now, his time was at hand.

"'Heard ye ere o' the Bailie o' Mickleham's coo?'" hummed the Provost, under the flaps of whose waistcoat the choice spirit was pleasantly meandering; "davert—what for hae they steekit a' the bolts. Couldna they hae been content to lock the door decently to keep stravigers oot without giein' a body a' this trouble?"

"The Bailie o' Mickleham's coo" interrupted itself while the provost fumbled angrily at the rusty bolts. He had to stoop so low that, to say the least of it, the posture was unpleasant for a man of his figure, and undignified in the chief magistrate of so ancient a borough.

But at that moment something still more undignified happened. A strong hand gripped Gregory Partan ere he could rise to his feet. A forceful arm dragged him within. The keys were jerked from his hand, and he himself thrown into the corner like a bundle of rags, while Umphray Spurway, having secured the door, stood over the Provost, pointing the barrel of Capt. Stansfield's pistol between a pair of exceedingly astonished eyes.

At first the prisoner, fresh from the Hollands and the glare of the bright morning, was dazzled, and conceived that his own familiar "blakes and blackguards" had lifted up their heel against him. He had always had an idea that they might hold him to ransom.

"And now, Philip Stansfield," cried the voice of the angry Englishman, "with the measure you mete it shall be measured to you again. The words are your own. I know not what ill you have said or done to that poor lady, your wife. But I do know that you have not five minutes to live. I will kill you with the very pistol you put into my hands that I might blow my brains out. To your prayers, man, that is, if you have still any hope of the mercy of God to a villain such as you are!"

"What—eh, preserve us. What's this ava? I'm no Philip Stansfield or ony siccan unworthy vagabond. I'm honest Gregory Partan, Provost o' this toon, comin' decently intil my ain cellar, that was my faither's afore me—honest man, he was dean o' Guild in his day, forbye deacon o' his craft. An' an honest man—as I am this day, sae help the Almichty Pooer."

"Gregory Partan," cried Umphray Spurway, astonished, "what are you doing in this place—where men have been throttled, bound, robbed and well nigh done to death this night? I hold you responsible for all that has been transacted here this night."

"Umphray Spurway," cried the Provost, rising to his feet and groping toward the Yorkshireman, "surely ye canna think siccan thochts o' me that has been your frien' ever since ye cam' to this countryside. Ye maun hae gotten a clout aboot the croun that will hae dung ye silly. But in the name of fortune what brocht ye here?"

"Let us first get out of this place, and then, when I see daylight, I will reckon with you, Provost Partan," said Umphray, grimly.

"That will we and blythe," cried the Provost, cheerily. "I was just comin' my ways doon to get a lippie or twa o' Hollands oot o' a bit corner cupboard I hae here. Gin ye will join me, ye will mak' me prood."

"I have work to do that will wait neither bite nor sup," said Umphray, as he opened the door, and the two men came out into the passage. "I must ask you to lend me your hat—this or another, sir. We will settle the price again. The murderer and parricide, Philip Stansfield, was in this place last night, and he left me to proceed to his wife's house with the declared intent of committing murder."

"Philip Stansfield in Abercairn—mercy on us. He doesna want the confidence. It is a direct reflection on me, the Provost o' the ceety. I'll summon the watch. I'll call oot the train hands. I'll do mair nor that—I'll come wi' ye mysel'."

As they passed through the mahogany-polish scented study, Gregory Partan took his Sabbath hat off its nail, and the two men made their way rapidly to the little house in the vennel. All was still and peaceful as they paused in front of the doors. The windows were blinded, and a curiously belated air of night and sleep caused it to contrast with the open doors and cheerful windows on either side, which were crowded with faces interested in the movements of two such notable men.

They went to my mother's door and tried the latch. It was unlocked, and as they entered and shut it behind them, the night chill of an unopened house struck cold and heavy upon them. Umphray Spurway strode with fearful heart from room to room. He clambered up the narrow stairs in half a dozen bounds. Before every shut door and black closet he gasped with a horrible fear lest he should come on some sight too ghastly for human eyes. But all above was emptiness and stillness, the dank sweat of night upon everything.

He thundered down stairs again to find the Provost holding a steeple-crowned hat in his hand. He was smiling a little, and seemed about to speak. But the Provost's jests, if indeed he had been about to make any, were stricken from his lips at the sight of the face of Umphray Spurway.

"He has carried her off—the villain. He has captured her son and carried them both to the plantations to sell them for slaves."

"Hoot na," said the Provost, "ye never can tell—a woman is aye a woman. They're juist terrible forgiein'. And ye ken, we try them sair. He'll aiblins hae spoken her fair and saft—and she'll hae gane back to her auld love for a' that he is a blackguard"——

"Hold your cursed lying tongue," thundered Umphray, roused out of himself. "I tell you she hated him—loathed him. Did she not lie weeks in the hospital here from the wounds his hand gave her?"

"Aye, aye, they are verra lang sufferin', the weemen," said the Provost calmly, looking about him. "But we will do no good here. I misdoot that the nest's empty and the bird flown!"

"I tell you, sir, she would never have gone willingly. She must have been forced. I know her heart!"

"Like eneuch!" said the Provost, "but some o' the weemen fowk hae twa sides to their hearts—yin for the auld love and the ither for the new. But they aye keep the warmest for the auld. Tak' my advice an' think nae mair aboot her, Umphray. She maun be gye lecht-headed. There's as guid fish"——

But Umphray Spurway was gone. He had fled the ancient emptiness of the proverb he knew was coming.

"Hey, mon, leave me my hat, and tak' your ain wi' ye, Umphray!"

But the Englishman only cried over his shoulder impolitely. "To the devil with you and your hat!"

"Aweel," said Gregory, philosophically, after minutely examining the steeple-crowned article he held in his hand, "I hae nae objections. There was a bit hole or twa i' the croun o' my old yin, and this is as guid a beaver as ever was coft for siller. Aye, aye! Ech-how, aye—but Providence is ever a kind provider."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CORRAMANTEE.

When Anna Mark and I found ourselves on board the Corramantee, it seemed as if we had been dropped suddenly into another world. The whole remains curiously distinct. I remember the uneasy feeling of the water as the boat directed its way among the scattered lights of the harbor. Then we were handed up the black side by sailors like so much merchandise. Will Bowman had been left on the quay, gagged and bound, in charge of two men of the crew. I can yet call to mind the partial illumination of Saul Mark's black bushy beard and silver earrings as he sat nursing the lantern in his lap and directing the course of the boat toward the ship. Anna was on one side of him, I on the other, and once for comfort I passed my hand cautiously about his back, hoping to touch Anna's. But instead I must have laid my fingers on Saul Mark's brown paw as he sat controlling the tiller, for he turned upon me with a sharp oath which made me jump.

The deck of the Corramantee was a piled confusion of boxes, tarpaulins, coils of rope, mixed with exceedingly solid objects which I suspected to be shrouded cannon. Yet the sailor men knew their way at a run through these obstructions, as well as up among the cordage, as I did up our garret stairs.

"Follow me, sir," said Saul Mark as soon as we were within the circle of light which came from lamps fixed low behind the bulwark, so as to show no light beyond the deck of the ship.

This I essayed to do, and plunged down a dark flight of stairs in imitation of his method of descent. My foot slipped, and I would have assuredly fallen and broken my neck if he had not stretched out his hand and grasped me as I fell.

"Get in there!" he said, peremptorily, "you will find blankets in the corner. To-morrow we will consider where we will stow you. Anna will come with me to my own cabin!"

So saying, he went out, taking the light with him, and I was left alone in a dark place, with the scuttling of innumerable rats all about me. It was infinitely worse than the Provost's limekiln, and had it not been for the thought of Anna on board I think I should have sat down and cried.

As it was, I groped about in every direction till I found that I was in a little wooden cell of some ten feet square, filled mostly with stores and barrels, which were caked all over the side with salt. But in the corner, as Saul Mark had said, I found a mattress, made of some sort of foreign fibre, curled as fine as hair, and kept in place by little slats of bamboo on the under side. I came also upon a couple of blankets, which I drew over me when I had lain down with no small thankfulness. For the night was cold, and the place, as it seemed to me then, incredibly damp and musty—though nothing past the ordinary of merchant ships.

"I will not go to sleep," I said to myself; "how do I know that they have not brought me here to murder me?"

Yet I must have slept and that soundly, for it was far into the next day before I waked. In my dreams I thought myself back again on the swing under the trees at the gable end of the old Miln House. Anna Mark was swinging me, standing behind and first pulling me higher in one direction, then pushing me forcefully in reverse. At first the movement was pleasant, but afterward I wished her to stop. Yet for the life of me I could not cry out, till finally I woke in an agony of fear and cold perspiration.

Instead of the pleasant trees and the rustling leaves, the deep, cool ravine and the soft, hushing roar of the weir, I saw only the blackness of darkness. I smelt the dank smells of the ship's belly. I heard only the water slogging against the ship's side. Yet my sensations were real enough. I staggered to my feet, letting the clothes fall away from me, and lo! the first thing I knew was that a bulkhead swung round and struck me on the brow. The next moment I sat down unpleasantly on the sharp, iron-bound corner of a box. I was rattled like a pea in a bladder at the end of a boy's stick, so that I was glad to succumb again on my blankets, hoping for some surcease of the strange disturbing motions.

It was not the strength so much as the irregularity of these sinkings and upheavals which troubled me. A long upward heave would be followed by a quick drop. Then came a resounding clack as the ship struck what to me seemed a solid rock. Again there was a rebound and another heave at right angles to the first. Now I appeared to be tossed in a blanket against the ceiling. Anon, having left all my vital parts sticking there above me, I was hurled, a mere empty shell, void of all but misery, into the abyss.

But I need not enlarge. These sensations are common to all who go down to the sea in ships. Or at least, they are the lot of most, and the cruel sport of the happily immune.

It was high day outside when the door opened, and I saw my father stand before me in his blue coat with the gold braid, a sailor behind him in a blue shirt and white trousers, holding a lantern in his hand.

I rose to my feet also, for I did not wish to shame my courage.

"Ah, Philip," he said, "so you have joined the Corramantee as a pressed man. You are brave, boy. Come up to breakfast!"

At the very name of food, I could scarce contain myself, so strong a loathing had come over me. I think Capt. Stansfield must have noted my pale countenance.

"Why," he said, "you are somewhat squeamish. That happens on a first cruise to the best seamen. Dick, bring him a glass of brandy from my cabin!" Which, when I had drunk, I thanked him for, and felt somewhat better.

But what was my astonishment on going into the cabin to find my dear mother sitting there with her hands on her lap, her lips white, and such a look of fear in her eyes as I had never seen in them since the night at the Yett cottage of New Milns.

She did not rise, but only held out her poor hands with a little pitiful appeal. I ran to her, and she clasped her arms about my neck. Then, though she had not cried at all before, she now laid her head on my shoulder and wept aloud. So I stood there all a-tremble in my knee-joints. For, what with the uncertainty of the ship, the brandy wambling in my inside, and my mother's head heavy on my shoulder, I thought I should fall down where I stood. Nevertheless, I did not, but stood it out, till my poor mother stilled her sobbing and dried her streaming eyes. Yet I think the exercise did her good; and then for a while after she did not say a single word, but alternately touched her eyes with her kerchief and patted my cheek with her thin fingers.

Then presently, the vessel lurching violently to one side, I was thrown on the cushions, and, upon recovering myself I found myself face to face with Anna Mark, who greeted me with a bright and reassuring smile.

"Anna!" cried I; "it is good to see you, Anna!"

For indeed, I felt that nothing could long go amiss where she was. Nay, the very dancing light in her eyes helped me to be brave. And so it was always. I have in my time set up for a respectably courageous man, but I have never evened myself to Anna Mark.

"Philip," she said, "I have been speaking to your mother. We are friends now."

For this my wondrous lass had instantly assumed the care of my poor mother upon her first coming on board. She had forgotten her own terror in little delicate ministrations to the woman who misliked her. All this was so like Anna that the tears came into mine eyes, and I could not even find in me the courtesy to thank her. Not that she thought of that, for it was always a pleasure to her to take the burden of the troubles of others upon her shoulders.

Then came my father in. For he had gone about his business as soon as he had seen my mother lay her head on my shoulder and heard the first of her clucking sobs. (Shame it is to speak so of my mother, but I must use the word which tells the exactitude of the thing.)

"Mistress Mary," he said, "will you be pleased to come on deck? The motion is easier, and methinks the air will do you good!"

He spoke with a courtesy which was certainly new and strange. My mother lifted her head, and answered, "I thank you!" with a little motion of the head which was strange to see. It was taught to all well-bred maids in my mother's time and was considered of the highest breeding before the invention of the more graceful courtesy of modern times.

And then what a sight I saw! I, a town-bred boy, whose view of the sea had never been more than might be gotten from a rowboat in a harbor, or a glimpse of the white-dotted blue plain of the sea from a forth looking mountain top, saw nothing on every side of me but the chasing blue billows tipped with white, and far away to the right the loom of the land through the midday heat.

And the Corramantee, which last night had been only a turmoil of tortured blackness, was now a beautiful ship, square-rigged before, schooner rigged aft, with a clean-cut bow, a broadish beam, a shape that tapered aft. She sat low in the water, leaning over a little in the light wind. Then what a mountain of snowy canvas floated above. How long and beautifully tapering was her mainmast, how staunch and sturdy her bowsprit and foremast! And then the winking brasses, each was a new poem. The decks were snow white as those of one of his Majesty's ships. For, to do him justice, Provost Gregory had spared no expense on her outfit, and the imperious angers of Capt. Stansfield and the seamanship of Saul Mark kept all in the prime order.

When the Corramantee put into port, as every vessel in the world must sooner or later, all this was changed. The white sails were replaced by others patched and brown. The masts were painted to represent worm-eating and dryrot. The fine long guns were shrouded in tarpaulin, with a debris of boxes and bales on top scattered every way. The glistening carronades were disguised or trundled out of sight. Nothing save the taut and perfect cordage betrayed to the eye that one of the smartest ships of her size in the world, with as daring a crew as ever trod deck plank, was lying peacefully at anchor amid a score of peaceful merchantmen.

These things, of course, I mostly learned afterward, for at first I was too much taken up with anxiety as to our position on board and concerned about my mother to ask any questions. And, indeed, of incident on our outward cruise there was hardly any.

Once I was on deck when the lookout way up on the high crosstrees cried out something sharply, which the mate, a thick-set Scot from Tillicoultry, made him repeat. No sooner had he grasped the purport of the message than he clutched a brass telescope and swung himself up into the shrouds with the agility of a monkey. Then a few moments afterward Saul Mark and the Captain came on deck. All sail was crowded on, and I shall never forget the look of alertness on all the men's faces as they crowded forward and gazed across the blue leaping sea toward that unseen something which had been reported on the horizon. For me, I could distinguish nothing save the unstable plain of ocean and the white balancing wings of sea birds. Then Capt. Stansfield, with a gallant air, asked that he might be allowed to escort my mother below; whereupon she took his arm, as doubtless she had done when he had come as a young wooer to her father's manor. Anna Mark was to have gone along with her, but with deft alacrity she hid herself behind a carronade which still wore its harbor rigging.

I went forward among the men, and, though one of these ordered me below, and saw me leave his side of the deck, no farther notice was taken of me.

Capt. Stansfield and Saul Mark, with Lambie, the Tillicoultry mate, a little behind them, were on the quarterdeck, eagerly examining the chase. I could now see the ship, a huge tower of canvas, half sunk under the pale whitish-blue line of the horizon.

She mounted fast, and we would soon have overhauled her. But long before I could see anything save the vessel we were in pursuit of I could hear the man on the lookout calling again. This time Saul Mark climbed up to the station in the crosstrees with a telescope.

"Four others—five—six. We are overhauling more every moment. Two are ships of war—British by their rigging!"

My father laughed loudly.

"We are not metal to scratch such a tartar as that. It must be the Jamaica convoy—six ships of war, by gad! and 30 sail of merchantmen!"

Instantly the men relaxed their strained attention, and the course of the ship was changed. The white towers of sail disappeared again over the blue line, or rather sank into it, and we were alone in the centre of that tireless circle of sea.

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All this while the ship was worked as steadily and regularly as Umphray Spurway's mill, as, indeed, Will Bowman often said. Will was an active fellow, strong, and quick at learning. Beside, what stood him in good stead now, he had been in his youth much among the fishermen of Whitby, so ropes and sea heavings came easier to him than to me. As much as they would let him he became one of the crew, and could reef and steer and scramble with any of them, jobs I had literally no stomach for.

But our chief occupation on board was looking after and cheering the twenty-seven poor boys torn from their homes, some entrapped, some cozened, others again plainly stolen away from widowed mothers, who had no means of avenging or even tracing their loss. For the town of Abercairn and its surrounding villages had been swept, as a city is sometimes rid of its stray dogs, by the hunters of men.

These poor lads had been carried away, and their fate was to be sold for slaves in the plantations. There were even a few among them against whose parents certain in high place had grudges. It was no difficult matter to punish such recalcitrants by picking up a son, who, in the gloaming of a long summer's day or early winter's afternoon, might be running wild at "tig" or "hide and seek" among the barrels of the quay.

Anna, Will and I had the free entrance of the "barracoon" at all times. It was at best a dark, evil-smelling hole, as may well be imagined, and the boys, left to themselves, would have speedily made it a horror and a loathing. But Will and I divided them into watches. We appointed officers to see that cleanliness was enforced with the utmost strictness. We obtained permission to bring the boys up for air in gangs of eight at a time, for whom we were responsible. In this manner the place was kept fairly clean and healthy. Anna and I carried down the salt beef and biscuit upon which they were fed. There was, however, no scanting of the fare, which was of good quality enough. For it was to the interest of the privateers that they should bring their captives to market in prime condition, any disease or underfeeding making a great difference in the prices.

It is a strange thing that on this privateer, or, to be plain, pirate ship, there was none of that equality common in such cruises. Only once did I ever hear a man before the mast speak back to one of the officers. And the next moment Saul Mark knocked him senseless with a marlin spike. For a moment or two things looked ugly, for some of the men growled ominously. But Capt. Stansfield came along the deck, as it seemed in a matter of three strides, to where Saul still stood with the spike in his hand.

"Show me the man who dares do aught but his duty on this ship!" he cried in a voice like thunder. "To your posts, men!" And in an instant the whole ship's crew stood at attention on the deck with a regularity and discipline beautiful to see. All that is, save the man who lay senseless on the deck.

"Speak up, Mr. Supercargo," he said; "what is this man's fault?"

Then Saul Mark told briefly the words the man had used in refusing to obey his officer.

"Did this man sign the rules and subject himself to the conditions?" asked Capt. Stansfield of the crew.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came the answer, without apparently one dissentient voice.

"And he has struck his officer. You all know he punishment for that offence by our articles tof association. Have any of you aught to say?"

A tall fellow stepped forward, saluted ana said: "This man is my brother, sir, and the second mate has been putting his spite on him all this cruise because of something that happened ashore"——

"Mr. Kirgan," said my father, turning to the second mate, a fierce little Irishman, "I do not ask you anything of this. But only tell me what order did you give this man?"

Kirgan, a wiry, bullet-headed fellow, with a ferocious squint, answered curtly, "I bade him to wash my socks!"

"Mr. Kirgan," said Capt. Stansfield, speaking severely, "there are boys whose duty it is to wash your stockings. In future you will not order my able seamen to perform such work. Yet, considering his insolence, I say not that your brother hath gotten more than his due! Take him away to the sick bay!"

The crew broke into three rousing cheers, which the captain acknowledged by turning his back and walking away from them. Mr. Kirgan sent a look after him of deadliest hatred. The man whom Saul had knocked down was removed by his brother and one of the sailors of his watch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ISLE OF THE WINDS.

Now I had always had a kind of perverted pride in my father, even when he was accounted the greatest reprobate and villain in the country. People were so prodigiously afraid of him, and his fame and name were so constantly upon the common lip.

But now, when I saw him every day in a position of command of so well found a ship and gallant a crew, that admiration was greatly increased, and I verily believe that if he had shown me the least civility I should have offered to join with him. But this he never did. Indeed, I cannot say that he took any interest in me at all. He did not bid me good morning when I came into the cabin, nor yet good night when I went off unwillingly to my bunk. He looked over my head as he walked the deck, and, for all my work and unweariedness in serving him, he noticed me less than any of the ship's boys who carried the pannikins and emptied the slops.

But to my mother he was unweariedly kind and unfailingly courteous. Yet by no means in an eager way, as if he desired to atone for aught or to seek any of her favors, but rather as a courteous captain to a noble passenger or royal captive, whose misfortunes entitle her to be treated with the greater dignity.

All this while we had been steadily heading south and west, as even I could make out, and nearly every day little Anna Mark brought me news of the ship's crew. For, being the only girl on board, she could make friends with the men much more quickly than I, having also her father's talents in that respect, with others of her own, which I have indicated previously in the story.

It was on a fine bright evening after a day of light following breezes that I got my first glimpse of that tropic pearl that I was afterward to know so intimately as the Isle of the Winds.

The clouds seemed to have concentrated themselves in a dense bar of royal crimson which overhung the whole western horizon. Beneath, the sun gathered about him little floating wisps of golden brightness, as if he had been weaving himself a fiery shroud, as he sank into the sea like a broad shield of dull scarlet, the line of the horizon not cut truly across. An irregular black blotch, serrated, and, as it seemed, delicately plumed, was streaked across his disk.

The sailors, too, were all clustered forward as at the chase. They stood with hands on each other's shoulders and gazed, talking all the while in low whispers. On the quarterdeck the officers of the watch paced regularly, and Capt. Stansfield stood alone by himself, as was his custom.

The sun dropped, as it were, pulling the daylight under after him. And I had seen my first tropic island.

* * * * *

All night the Corramantee, excellently hermaphrodite between brig and schooner, stood off and on waiting for the light, that she might thread the difficult and dangerous shoals which still separated her from the Isle of Winds. As may be supposed I was on deck early. And little Anna Mark, who slept in my mother's cabin, joined me soon after I came up. With eager hearts we watched the great wash of keen, green light in the east where the sun would rise, but mostly our thoughts were on the island ahead of us, and the mysterious life we would lead there.

Strangely enough, the blank horror and apprehension with which we had started on our journey had largely disappeared. For though the men were rough enough and desperate enough, yet none had said an uncivil word to us. Moreover, we had great anticipations of wonders to be found under those palms and on the beaches of shining sand, which, in the eye of our imagination, glinted more brightly than if every grain had been a diamond cut and polished.

The bright blueness of the sea, the glistening white rocks which showed their heads here and there, the deep sapphire channels through which Saul Mark skilfully piloted the Corramantee, all caused us to thrill and clasp each other's hands as we stood forward among the eager sailors. I clutched a stay as the vessel, caught in the little calm belt between the trades behind her and the inshore land wind in front, rose on the long oily rollers and heaved her bowsprit into the hot and coppery sky.

"Philip," said Anna. "I wonder what will happen to us on that island!"

I turned to her. I know not what prompted the words. I had not the least thought or intent of them the moment before. But now they sprang from my lips as if I had settled on speaking them years before.

"If you love me, Anna," I said. "I care not what happens. Do you love me?" I was still holding her hand, and as she told me long afterward, almost squeezing her fingers into a jelly.

She turned upon me in great surprise. "I do not know what you mean," she said, in a low intense voice. Then, as if afraid that some of the sailors who stood around might overhear, "Think shame, Philip!" she added.

"Yes, you do know, Anna," I went on, with quick impulse; "you know what it means to Umphray Spurway that he loves my poor mother. You said so yourself, and if you know that, you know also what it is for me to love you. So do not pretend!"

She was silent for a while, watching the flying fish gleaming dark purple against the saffron of the sky as they rose and fell.

Then she said more softly: "I do know what it is to love, but I think I am too young to know what you mean by it. Nay, I am sure that you are too young yourself to know!"

"Anna," I answered very low, for I saw her father lean over and motion to a seaman, who moved up nearer to us as if to listen, "I do know what it is to love. My heart is aching for love of you. I love you far more than I love my mother!"

"Why, of course you do!" she cried, quite loud, so that I put my hand to her mouth to stay her; for the seaman was very near now.

"And why of course? But pray do not speak so loud!" said I.

"I always knew you liked me best of every one. Of course you could not help that!" she said.

"Yet you say I do not know what love is?"

"I said only that I deemed you too young to know," she made answer. Then in a moment, "Look, look," she cried, "there are the palms! How beautiful to see their tall feathers wave in the wind, all blowing one way. And there are the roofs of the houses. I wonder why some are thatched and some are all scarlet and purple?"

For she wished to change the subject—or, perhaps wished me to think she did.

But I was not to be put off in this manner. So I said—without even taking my eyes from the cheek, of which I could see only the pretty curve, clean and firm like a boy's, not plump like a girl's—"Anna, tell me if you do not love me a little, or if you think that you will ever be able to love me as—as Umphray Spurway loves my mother?"

She laughed a curious laugh, wilful, but pleased, too. I could hear the eager pleasure in it.

"Ah, Philip," she said, "I will never love you as Umphray Spurway loves your mother."

"And why?" I asked.

"Because I know you too well, Philip," she said. "I will not worship any man—least of all one whom I can beat at the stone throwing!"

Whereat I was indignant, for, indeed, the boast was quite a vain one.

"You cannot," I cried. "I will throw you all day at a bottle, and beat you soundly. But that is not the question. A man has a right to an answer from a girl!"

For I would not let the word drop. She had called me a man, and she must take the consequences. I was not going to let her go back on that great word.

"You shall have an answer, then," she said. "I love you as much as your mother loves your father."

Then, being hurt at the heart that she should so slight me, and also (as I thought) make light of my mother, I withdrew my hand from her's and went and stood at the other side of the deck. But somehow the purple had turned to gray, the crimson to smoky yellow. The blue had gone out of the sky, and the fresh sea tang out of the breathing air. I stood awhile by myself, and never so much as looked toward Anna Mark.

But I was conscious that she looked every now and then at me. And I think she smiled.

By and by, however, she came over frankly and said: "Philip, do not be angry with me. What have I done that you should ill-use me so?"

Then said I: "Anna, I have never ill-used you. I have only told you that I loved you. And you flouted me unkindly for it."

"Well, did you expect me to fall at your feet?" she said, a flash leaping up in her eye, as it had a way of doing at all such times. "I will if you say so. I will kiss your shoe! See here!"

And I declare the madcap would have done it there before all the sailormen and the captain, and her own father looking down upon us.

We were now running close in, and the spits of yellow sands were stretching out to meet and inclose us. We had at last caught the land wind, and with Saul Mark directing the helmsman, and now and then taking the wheel himself, while a crowd of shiny skinned mulattoes and negroes ran along the shore, we glided toward a harbor mouth, the water hissing from our stem, and the whole ship lying away a little gracefully from the wind.

"Anna, give me a word to hearten me!" I said. "This is a pirate island. We may never get off it alive. Say a word to comfort me, and on my honor I will not trouble you any more."

"Well, I am in the same case," she said, "and yet I do not ask a word from Will Bowman as to whether he loves me or not!"

I was turning away sick at heart to be so flouted, but she caught me quickly by the arm.

"You see, I do not love Will Bowman!" she said; "that is why I do not want him to tell me. I love to have you tell me that you love me!"

And that was all I could get out of her. Yet from her—enough.

To be continued.

TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT

THE MILLION SILVER DOLLARS.

There were just two rooms and an attic in John Allen's home, an attic whose flooring was so insecure that the rats had several times threatened to emigrate to a safer house; just the sort of place for a future President of the United States to choose as his birthplace. But if John Allen ever becomes President I pity the people of this country. Not because John is bad but because he is lazy and suspicious, two qualities that would not suit well a ruler of a republic.

John and his mother were so poor that the rats sometimes felt that it was not very creditable to their rodencies that they continued to live off the hospitality of the poverty-stricken pair, but, after all, where there is food there is bound to be some crumbs, and so the rats stayed on and John and his mother wondered if people could be any poorer than they and continue to live.

One day John went out to the spring to get a pail of water for his mother, as boys have done ever since there were mothers' pails and sons and that's more years than even you can remember. He lived near Summit, N. J., on the Watchung range of hills, and his house was ugly, in that hopeless New Jersey sort of way which is very different from the New England way and not half as nice. Give me Yankee ugliness every time, red paint and all.

While he was at the spring and wondering how he could get through the rest of the day without doing any work a handsome man on horseback rode up and asked John very civilly how far it was to Murray Hill, which is the name of a hamlet near Summit.

"About a mile, sir," said John, who was not the sort of a boy to refuse to answer a question, although he liked better to ask them.

"Thank you, my boy. Would you like a million dollars in silver?" You see the traveller was not above joking with the lad.

Well, now some boys would have promptly said no and would have run home with the water, but John dearly loved to talk, so he set the pail down by the edge of the spring and said, "Yes, sir, I would if I weren't so afraid of being robbed."

The traveller burst out laughing.

"Why, have you thought of that part of it already? That doesn't generally come until after we have secured the millions and then it is a disquieting thought, I'll admit. So you'd fear robbers?"

"Yes, sir, I bet one million dollars would tempt them if it was known I had so much money and I'd never dare do anything but guard it day and night, but that wouldn't be so bad, for then I would not have to hoe. I read something in a paper that I take to mean that it is wicked to hoe and I don't want to be wicked, and anyhow hoeing makes me tired and slants my brow, mother says, so I generally let her do it."

Now what in the world John was driving at I don't know, but it only shows that children ought not to be allowed to read the newspapers—except the children's department.

The traveller laughed again and said "Poor Markham!" whatever he meant, and then he said: "Boy, you ought not to be so suspicious. I have a hundred millions and no one ever stole a cent from me."

John was interested but not convinced. Because the traveller had been free from thieves it did not follow that he would be. As for the traveller, although he had started in to chaff the boy, he now decided to try him and see what use he would make of a million dollars and whether it would benefit him or the reverse. He was in the habit of giving a million dollars to found hospitals and libraries and soup kitchens as freely as you give five cents to the heathen when your father gives it to you for that purpose. So a million dollars for the poor boy would be nothing to him and he said:

"Well, if you will leave that pail of water there and come with me to Summit, I'll give you a million dollars just as soon as I can arrange to have it sent out from New York. Of course I have not that much with me—in silver—for my horse is built for speed and not for strength, and of course there are certain conditions that go with this money. I never give without naming some condition. You must bury all of the money except what you need for daily use, and you must regularly give to the poor or else you will be sorry."

John, like most people, hated gifts that had strings to them. The best gift is a free gift and at first John was tempted to say to the horseman, "Oh, keep your money." But when he reflected that the million dollars would not only buy him a new suit and a bicycle and a new shawl for his mother and pay for the services of a professional hoeman who didn't care a scrap about his brow he left the spring and the pail of water and approached nearer to the wonderful stranger.

"When do you think the money will come?"

The traveller looked at his watch. "It is now twelve. If I telegraph to have it shipped I ought to get it by 4 o'clock, for I'll have it sent it an express car. If you want it, jump up behind me at once and come along, as I have a directors' meeting to attend at 2 and I must make haste."

But now John was suddenly overcome with suspicions. This might be a highwayman who would rob him of his rags, so he said, not gratefully, but in a tone of doubt, "I don't know you. Suppose"——

But at this the stranger slapped his horse's flank with the flat of his hand and was out of sight in a minute.

John filled the pail and went into the house and told his mother what had happened. She was one of the most artless women who ever handled a hoe and as unsuspicious as John was the opposite and she was fond of money if you can be said to be fond of a thing you had never seen, so she was ill pleased at his news.

"Why, John, you should not have suspected the good man. I'm sure no one ever offered us half as much as that before and it is not likely that any one will again. I wish you had gone with him."

"But mother I thought you wanted the water."

"Oh, child, I was not so thirsty but that I could have waited until we got the million before I drank. Many men have given up all that made life dear to get a million and what's a drink of water against a fortune."

These words from his mother made John feel that he had not been wise, so he went out to the spring and waited there for the rest of the day, although there was plenty of work to do around the miserable house. But the stranger did not come back.

The next day at about the same hour John again took up his station at the spring and after a wait of an hour he was rewarded by seeing the stranger riding back, this time from Summit. As soon as John saw him he ran to meet him.

"Well, boy, fortune does not often knock twice at a man's door, but as fortune and I are old friends I've made him do it and if you think that you can trust me I'll take you to Summit and we'll hunt up that million dollars. It's there by now."

Almost before the words were out of his mouth John had leaped to the horse's back in an ecstasy of joy and had said, "Go where you will. Mother said I could trust you."

"Now that was really kind in the lady," said the stranger with a queer smile. "I will show her that she did not misjudge me. I will confess that it vexed me yesterday to think that a poor boy like you should be afraid of a millionaire, but then I thought you probably never saw one before and so I decided not to bear malice. We'll go to Summit and I'll point out the car and pay the workmen in advance to help you get it up here and then you must bury it and use it as I have prescribed or"——

The traveller did not finish the word, but John imagined the worst and sighed.

The way to Summit was neither hard nor long and they soon reached it, riding over a bridge and right down to the freight station.

The stranger inquired at the office for a freight car that had nothing whatever in it but a million silver dollars. The freight agent, who was very busy, said: "I believe that such a car came in but I've got so much to attend to that I can't be sure. Go hunt it up and take the money and some time when I'm not so busy you can sign a receipt for it."

So the stranger hitched his horse to a truck that stood on the platform and then walked across the track to the switch on which was the car. Sure enough, when they opened the door, several hundred dollars rolled out and all over the ground. John did not bother to pick them up as there was so many more where they came from. The stranger had already hired workmen to cart the money away and twelve men with coal carts now appeared on the scene all ready to do the work for which they had been paid.

The men were not much surprised to see all the money because they did not for a minute suppose it was real. They thought it was the waste from a tin factory, simply because it was beyond belief that a man would give one million silver dollars to a twelve-year old boy and you can't believe what's unbelievable.

The stranger now had to take a train to New York so he left his horse as a present to John and shook hands with him and John was so busy running his hands through the money and letting it drop like sand in an hour glass from one hand to another that he actually forgot to thank his benefactor.

It took the men several hours to empty the car and I'm sure I don't know what Summit people were doing that they didn't notice the million dollars going over the bridge and up the hill into the woods, but they didn't, and in mid-afternoon John arrived without accident at his miserable shanty. Oh, I forgot to say that when he went to get the horse which had been hitched to the trunk he found it had eaten the whole top off of that receptacle, much to the disgust of a woman who wanted to take the next train but who had to go into town and buy a new trunk and pack it on the station platform with the wind blowing her belongings all along the Delaware, Lackawanna road. It never entered John's selfish head to pay her for the damage the horse had done. His mind was too engrossed with his suddenly acquired wealth.

His mother came out to meet the caravan and she nearly went crazy at sight of the money. Imagine twelve coal carts loaded to overflowing with bright, new, gleaming dollars. Why, it would have attracted attention even in Wall Street, where every man is a millionaire—or wishes he was.

"Bury it back of the house, John, dear. The earth is softer there and it will be easier for the men to dig."

So said his mother, but John replied: "I don't know as I care how hard it is for them to dig, mother. They've been paid, so what's the odds?"

Well, now you know there was a good deal of odds. There's no use in piling work on a man or a woman just because you're paying him. All people have feelings, even men with shovels or hoes.

And the first digger took a dislike to John right away and determined to come some dark night and carry off some of the "money" and give it to his children to play store with. You see none of them could believe it was real money.

But John suspected him of having such thoughts and he said, forgetting the warning of the stranger, "I guess I'd rather have it where I can have my eyes on it day and night. Just put it up in the attic."

Of course he was boss and the men had to obey him so the first cart was backed up in front of the attic window—which was not more than ten feet from the ground—and the men began to shovel the money into the house. At the first shovelful about half fell through the chinks in the floor to the room below and the rats deserted the house. But disregarding this warning he bade the men go ahead and shovel it all in. Well, I'll leave you to figure how packed that attic became. One million silver dollars take up a good deal of room and weigh a good deal, as the old house evidently thought.

For, just as the last shovelful of dollars was pitched in, the miserable building tottered and fell and Mrs. Allen just escaped being buried under it.

But the worst of it was that as John had disobeyed the injunction of the great millionaire, the money began to roll and roll through the woods and far away. Some of it went into the brooks, some of it went into woodchuck and snake holes, some of it rolled a mile before it stopped but like snow in hot sun it all disappeared and a half hour later John and his mother were just as poor as before.

I wish that I could say that John had learned a lesson and ceased to be suspicious, but he didn't. To this day he haunts the spring, leaving his mother to do all the work.

But the stranger rides no more.

MAINE FOXHOUNDS.

A Peculiar Breed Evolved by the Needs of Aroostook County.

ISLAND FALLS, Me., Feb. 16.—The three chief products of Aroostook county are said to be potatoes, politicians and red foxes. A year ago Charles E. Oak of Caribou, Land Agent and Forest Commissioner for Maine, told a legislative committee that his county could furnish 100,000 fox pelts a year for ten years without diminishing the supply. Hunters from Boston and Worcester, Mass., who have shot and trapped foxes in Aroostook say that Mr. Oak's estimate is too low by half.

The great wine-red fox that will run for days without tiring, that will double and turn to laugh at the dogs and then go on refreshed from the exercises, reaches fullest perfection in Aroostook county. Of the 20,000 or 30,000 foxes taken in Aroostook this winter more than half were caught in traps. Nearly all the others were shot while running before the patient and slow-footed hounds that abound in northern Maine.

The Maine foxhound is a hunting machine that was developed for a certain purpose. The Maine hunter acknowledges that the English foxhounds reared in Pennsylvania and western New York are the best dogs in the world for straightaway hunting, for the chase where the sport is of more consequence than the game; but foxes are so plentiful down East that the man who kills one is a public benefactor, and as many of the hunters are too poor to follow the chase for the sport alone, a finely specialized race of hounds was demanded to suit the peculiar conditions. The result of fifty years' breeding is a short-legged, deep-chested, slow-running race of dogs that will run day and night without tiring, a breed that will annoy the foxes and cause them to run in more or less restricted circles, and frighten them enough to cause them to hole. The Maine hound to be of value must also be taught to hunt singly, so that if a hunter takes out a half dozen dogs for a day's hunt every dog will pick up a track of his own and follow it to the death. As the hunter can distinguish the cries of his dogs without trouble and is soon able to locate the circles they are following, he first selects the path of the dog that stands in most need of encouragement and posts himself on the circle to shoot the fox as it comes around, after which he proceeds to another circle and repeats the performance. It is not a surprising feat for a hunter with six hounds to go out in the morning and return at night with ten or twelve pelts. As the skin of an Aroostook red fox is worth anywhere from \$1.25 to \$2.50, the occupation is profitable as well as pleasing.

To train a hound pup for the duties he is expected to perform requires much time and labor. A male pup that is 8 weeks old and untaught can be bought for \$5, while the same dog will sell for \$75 or \$100 after he has been educated. No dog is worth having unless his master can shift him to from one fox's track to another's or from a fox's track to a rabbit's and back again, but if any dog makes one of these changes without his master's consent he is disgraced and punished severely. It is a point of dog honor among Aroostook hounds to chase a fox by day, by night and on Sundays until it is caught, shot or run to earth. There are dozens of dogs in the county that have followed foxes from six to ten days without food or rest. Such hounds are beyond value. They have the best the house affords while they live and are buried in expensive coffins—like one of the family—after death. If a hound shows a taste for deer hunting he is at once sold or killed, as the heavy fine imposed by the State makes the animal too expensive for a poor man to keep. Such dogs as are inclined to follow bob cats and hedgehogs find their punishment when they overtake their foes.

The Loggerhead's Name.

"The loggerhead turtle," said an old fisherman, "gets its name from the resemblance of its head and neck, under some circumstances, to the end of a log. You take a big turtle, one weighing, say, 600 or 800 or 1,000 pounds, at sea, with its body submerged, and head and neck out of the water, and they look at a little distance just like the end of a log sticking up. Hence, the name, loggerhead."

YALE'S BLIND SCHOLAR.

REMARKABLE RECORD MADE BY ALEXANDER CAMERON.

Has Had to Struggle Against Poverty Besides His Infirmity—Has Mastered the Classics and Hebrew and Will Be the First Blind Ph. D.—His Misfortunes.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 16.—One of the college celebrities, Alexander Cameron, Yale's blind man, has packed up his trunk and gone home to St. George, New Brunswick. Ill luck has been pursuing him all the past year, for he has repeatedly gone to the hospital suffering from the effects of overwork and this week the crowning calamity met him as he went to breakfast. He had almost reached the door of the restaurant when he walked into an open sidewalk area and fell, cutting his face so badly that several stitches were necessary. This final misfortune sent the blind philosopher to his country retreat, where he will employ the next two months in writing a thesis for his doctor's degree on "Tactile Perception."

For the last three years Cameron has been a noted figure at Yale. He has been studying philosophy in the post graduate school and has at the same time been taking a course in the Divinity School, so that he is well known to a large circle of students. The undergraduate knows him quite well by sight, for he was to be seen on the campus at all hours, a sturdy figure in a great coat, walking briskly, with his cane pointing in front of him, from one lecture hall to another. The news of the accident this week has drawn general attention to this remarkable man, who has almost attained the distinction of a Ph. D. degree, and is the first blind student in America, it is said, who has ever climbed so high.

Owing to the blunder of a doctor Cameron was deprived of his eyesight at the age of 5 years and since that time he has been obliged to struggle not only against his infirmity but also against poverty. While attending lectures at Yale he has supported himself entirely by lecturing and preaching, making enough in the summer to enable him to live at college in the winter. Good spirits and hard study have made his progress upward possible; the sad-faced theological students who read to him an hour at a time every day never fail to be astonished at his cheeriness and alertness. Although Cameron has the dour Scotch face of a Carlyle, he is a man of lively speech and keenest sense of humor. He does not admire the sternness of Milton and writes not a line of poetry himself, an unusual boast for a blind man; he finds the abstractions of Kant and Schopenhauer more entertaining than the airy nothings of the poet.

Cameron is a type of the scholar cormorant; his appetite for knowledge grows by what it feeds on. Hour by hour fresh student volunteers knock at his door and relieve the reader; the blind man sits in his study afternoon and evening and drinks from the wells of philosophy and theology. These studies are never interrupted except when he goes to the hospital. It is scarcely necessary to say more concerning the industry of this student when it is stated that he has been in the habit of attending twenty-eight hour lectures a week; the average college student thinks he is a martyr to learning if he attends three lectures a day. The amount of work that Cameron has accomplished during the last ten years is amazing. He is now 27 years old, and in addition to a thorough college education in higher mathematics is master of Hebrew, Greek, Latin and modern languages. The almost incredible labor in acquiring these languages may be better realized when it is said that he has copied from dictation most of the classics by means of the machine used by the blind in making raised letters. Hebrew was too refractory for this implement and as no blind man had ever studied Hebrew before he was obliged to invent a machine of his own, with which he copied out the awful contents of a Hebrew grammar and most of the Bible in the original.

Trigonometry and mechanics also gave him some trouble, but he overcame all difficulties by devising a system for making raised figures; as for his algebra he worked that out in his head, from simple factoring to the sinuosities of calculus. Before entering Carleton College he had already shown such proficiency that he was graduated from Duluth Central High School, one of the largest high schools in the United States, head man in his class with an all-round average of 93 per cent. He was class orator into the bargain. At college he took four years' work in three and since graduating has received the degree of M. A.

But it must not be supposed that this blind man of colossal intellect is dead to the events going on in the busy world. He has been taking the keenest interest in the war being waged in South Africa. As his grandfather was a Highland soldier he has inherited more than an ounce of martial blood. During the last month he has been entertaining his visitors with reflections on the war which are eulogistic of the part played by the Highlanders but derogatory to Buller. Cameron thinks that the Bristish forces have been scattered from Cape Colony to the Sahara Desert, and that the Highlanders are filling the breach in the meantime a sacrifice to the shortsightedness of Buller.

As has been said Cameron, or "Cam," as he is known at Yale, is the grandson of a fighter on his father's side of the house. As an off-set to this martial streak, however, he is of Quaker extraction on his mother's side. In short Cameron is the descendant and heir of an Earl, although unfortunately he cannot prove it, and his rightful fortune is therefore lying idle in the Bank of England, while he, great-great-grandson to a belted Earl, is hard pressed for a means of livelihood. Some two hundred years ago John Linton, eldest son of the Earl of Thane was converted and became a member of the despised sect of the Quakers. Because of this defection from the Established Church the haughty Earl disinherited his eldest born and caused a younger brother to step up into his place. John Linton being thus turned adrift took ship and followed William Penn to America. Here he settled down and forgot all about his lost earldom. After many years the only son of the favored brother died without issue and the succession to the title and estates in England and Ireland went begging for an heir. The family in England had lost trace of the eldest son for he had never communicated with his relatives and he had not even kept proofs of his noble birth. The Quaker died and bequeathed to his family in Pennsylvania no papers whereby they could establish their right to the succession when the opportunity occurred in after years. Hence the Yale blind man laments the contempt which his Quaker forefather displayed for the things of this world, but he feels at the same time, no little satisfaction that he is really and truly descended from an Earl. Some ten years ago Congressman Joseph Linton of Saginaw, a near relative of Cameron, stirred up an excitement among the connection by proposing to put in a claim for the fortune, but he lost heart and nothing came of the project.

In the meantime Cameron expects to take his B. D. degree from the Yale Divinity School and will enter the Baptist ministry. He will be the first blind Bachelor of Divinity and Doctor of Philosophy to be graduated from Yale.

THE LAST OF THE LONG-HORNS.

A Texas Steer to Show His Horns at the World's Fair in Paris.

From the Chicago Tribune.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Feb. 6.—Texas's contribution to the great Paris world's fair will be the Dobie steer. Out of the Lone Star State there may go other exhibits of a remarkable nature bearing the legend, "From Texas," but there will be no exhibit quite so remarkable and yet so truly characteristic as the Dobie steer.

The Dobie steer is known throughout south and west Texas. He is the rough and graphic standard of measurement of the west Texas stockman. "Big as the Dobie steer" is the hyperbole they use when describing a pair of horns. It is a hyperbole, for, travel the wide plains over, and another steer with a pair of horns such as has the Dobie steer cannot be found. He is the last of the old tribe of monster-horned cattle of the plains that gave to Texas its additional nickname of "The Long Horn State."

The Dobie steer is the property of J. M. Dobie, owner of the Kentuck ranch at Ramires, Live Oak county, Tex. This particular steer, which on the ranch goes by the name of Champion, but is known over the State as "the Dobie steer," was calved about the year 1891 close to the Mexican border and was bought by Mr. Dobie in 1894 in a herd of 1,000 beeves. Since that time the steer has been domiciled on the Kentuck ranch, where, under the civilizing influence of the barb-wire fence and frequent "roundups," his wild spirit has been brought into thorough subjugation. He measures 15 hands and weighs between 1,600 and 1,700 pounds. His enormous horns from point to point measure 9 feet 7 inches. The horns could easily be made to measure over ten feet if taken off the steer, steamed and straightened. When the steer is standing in a natural position on level ground the tip ends of his horns are fully six feet above the ground.

Time was, fifteen or less years ago, when the long horns were no curiosity in Texas, but were roaming in great herds over the prairies, from the Red River to the Rio Grande. They were the native cattle of the plains, whose ancestors came over with Cortez and the early Spanish settlers. The law of the survival of the fittest doomed the long-horn to extinction, and to-day there are, north of the Rio Grande, but few surviving specimens of the grand old herds that have been so closely interwoven with the history of the State.

The Dobie steer leaves on Feb. 10 on his long trip to the Paris Exposition. His keeper will be Capt. D. H. Hardy, one of the best-known cowmen in this section. It will cost a snug sum of money to display the "last of the long horns" in the gay Continental capital, but Mr. Dobie is liberal as well as rich. "The steer seems rather partial to being exhibited to wondering crowds, so the Texas stockman says. "Let him go so long as he is advertised as the last link between the long-horn of old and blooded stock of Texas of to-day."